

The first time I
played basketball

I was already in the
3rd grade, the 3rd grade &
the third school,
bouncing from New York to
Spokane to
Cheyenne,
the kid said
Do You Want to Play?
& I said
Sure.

I got out there &
took the ball,
knocked over half the
players running with it
to the far end of the
court, made a
touchdown.

When I turned around
everyone was
standing still &
staring.

Then
pandemonium
broke loose.

Santa Cruz Poets

There are these
poets in
Santa Cruz
writing about
sunsets &
sunrises about
rocks heaving up on their
haunches about the
trees & the oceans & the
great slab of
sky
not a word about de-
capitated
girls dis-
membered
boys old men
shot dead on their
lawns &
campers with their
skulls bashed in.

To read these poets,
you'd think it was a
swell place to
live.